

THRILLING TALES OF SUSPENSE

# MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES

JUNE 1952 NO.8

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10¢

NO! NO! I DON'T WANT  
TO DIE. PLEASE LET ME  
GO. YOUR SECRET WILL  
BE SAFE.

YES! I AM TARA, THE  
KILLER LILY, AT LAST  
YOU KNOW. HAVE NO  
FEAR, DARLING !!

TALES OF  
HORROR

STRANGEST TALES  
EVER HEARD

TERROR OF THE  
FLOWERS OF DEATH!  
AND OTHER STORIES







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HERE IS TERROR--RAW, NERVE-DEVOURING INSANE TERROR! READ, IF YOU DARE; THIS GHASTLY TALE OF GREED AND LUST AND AGONY!! READ, REMEMBER, SHUDDER AT THIS FACT---SINCE THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FIRST ATOMIC PILE....CERTAIN SCIENTISTS HAVE KNOWN BUT NOT DARED REVEAL THE

# The EYES of HORROR



THIS EERIE TALE OF NATURE GONE MAD WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN TOLD BUT FOR AN EXPERIMENT AT CHICAGO UNIVERSITY DURING WORLD WAR II 1945

THERE IT IS, BART, THE WORLD'S FIRST ATOMIC EXPLOSION!

YES, DOCTOR, YOU HAVE UNLEASHED A POWER WHICH UNCONTROLLED COULD DESTROY THE WHOLE WORLD!



THIS IS OUR BIG SECRET! WITHOUT THIS DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER, WE WOULD SOON CHANGE INTO WHO KNOWS WHAT...

LUCKY FOR ME YOU INVENTED THIS CHAMBER! DR. KINKAID!





THEN THE COUNTRIES OF THE RED BANNER WERE STILL OUR ALLIES AND BART HAD A DATE WITH THE GIRL HE LOVED

YOUR TITLE MAY BE CHIEF SCIENTIST, BUT YOUR SALARY ISN'T SO HOT...

PLEASE, LET'S NOT ARGUE, PAM.

I WANT TO GET MARRIED AS MUCH AS YOU DO. I'M SORRY I DON'T MAKE ENOUGH TO...



IF YOU'D LISTEN TO BOB TIMKIN YOU COULD. YOU KNOW, HE'S THE FELLOW I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT...



TIMKIN? OH YES-- THAT FOREIGN FELLOW-- A SCIENTIST, TOO...

GOOD, YOU'LL MEET HIM. I'LL ASK HIM OVER TONIGHT...



THAT EVENING...

YES, MY COUNTRY IS MOST INTERESTED IN ATOMIC POWER-- IN FACT, IT WOULD OFFER YOU A MOST LUCRATIVE POSITION...

SOUNDS GOOD. BUT--JUST WHAT COUNTRY IS IT?



THERE'S NO NEED FOR SECRECY -- WE'RE ALL FRIENDS. MY COUNTRY IS THE LAND OF THE SOVIETS. WE ARE YOUR ALLIES. BY HELPING US YOU WOULD BE HELPING YOUR OWN LAND. WE'LL MAKE YOU RICH. NO ONE ELSE NEED KNOW /



GET OUT-- YOU CAN'T TEMPT ME. I WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU OR YOUR COUNTRY... WHY IT'S ALMOST LIKE TREASON /





HOWEVER--LATER THAT EVENING...PAM CRIED AND...

ALL RIGHT, PLEASE DON'T CRY ANYMORE. I'LL CALL HIM TOMORROW-- ANYTHING TO MAKE YOU HAPPY !

WE'LL BE RICH DARLING!



THE FIRST STEP HAD BEEN TAKEN -- A DOOR OPENED. NOW--ONLY NIGHTMARE COULD FOLLOW. WEEKS LATER ON A STEAMER BOUND FOR EUROPE...

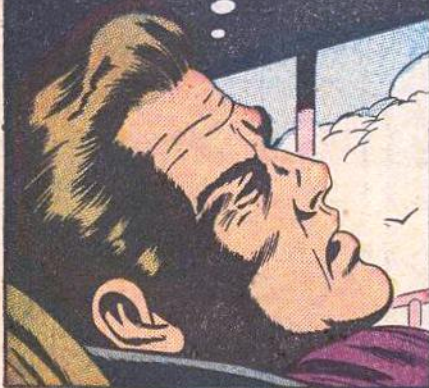
WHY SO GRUMPY? YOU'LL HAVE THE BEST EQUIPMENT, AND ASSISTANTS. OUR ATOMIC PILE WILL BE THE LARGEST.. WITH YOUR HELP ---

AND THINK OF THE SALARY THEY'RE PAYING YOU... A THOUSAND A WEEK !



SALARY-- WHAT'S MONEY? BUT THEY'RE STILL OUR ALLIES. I'M NOT A REAL TRAITOR / PAM IS WORTH IT !

BUT DESPITE HIS MISGIVING IT WAS SOON TOO LATE FOR BART TO BACK OUT ! HE WAS DEEP IN RED RUSSIA -- AT A SECRET ATOMIC PLANT IN THE URAL MOUNTAINS !



AND NOW FOR THE ATOMIC PILE-- YOU WILL SEE THAT WE ARE NOT SO FAR BEHIND YOUR PRECIOUS U.S.A. ... IN EQUIPMENT !

YEAH? THEN HOW COME THEY'RE HIRING ME?



HEH / DON'T YOU SHIELD YOUR WORKERS? THE RADIATION CAN DO FUNNY THINGS...

SHIELD? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?...



EXPOSURE TO DIRECT ATOMIC RADIATION CAN BURN, SEAR,-- EVEN KILL / AND, NO ONE KNOWS WHAT ELSE THESE INVISIBLE RAYS MAY DO TO THE HUMAN BODY... EVEN MAKE NEW LIFE !





THESE MEN, THE BEST PHYSICISTS OF THE ENTIRE WORLD, SAY YOU ARE WRONG...THEY HAVE BEEN WORKING UNSHIELDED FOR MONTHS, YEARS---AND THEY'RE CERTAINLY HEALTHY ENOUGH!

BUT YOU NEVER SET UP A TRUE REACTION!



SO, DESPITE HIS MISGIVINGS, BART WAS OVER- RULED AND WENT TO WORK THE NEXT DAY AT HIS TASK...HE DIDN'T KNOW THE SECRET OF DR. KINKAID'S CHAMBER...

HELLO, DARLING! HOW'D IT GO?

UH-OH--HELLO, PAM! TODAY WE SET OFF A TRUE REACTION

GOTTA SNAP OUT OF IT--FEEL SORTA WOOLY!



A FEW DAYS SPED BY. AND THEN, ONE MORNING...

HE HURRIDLY DRESSED AND DASHED FROM THE ROOM...

I'VE BEEN HAVING BEASTLY HEADACHES, BUT THIS-- NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE...A...A LIVING THING--ALMOST HUMAN-- LIKE A--A MUTATION!!!

IT'S TRUE, I TELL YOU! THE ATOMIC RADIATION HAS CAUSED SOME GERM, SOME PARASITIC GROWTH WITHIN ME, TO GROW TO ENORMOUS SIZE!

CALM DOWN---COME IN, KISS ME, AND THEN TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



A GROWTH, A MUTATION, WITHIN YOU? WHERE?

BEHIND -- BEHIND MY EYES--- LOOK INTO THEM!



YOU'RE JUST OVERWORKED! FIRST KISS ME, DARLING, THEN LET ME SEE! I'M FRIGHTENED DARLING!!

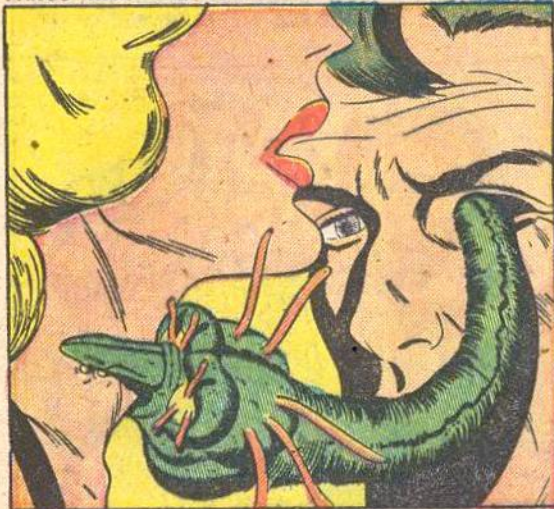
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

OH! MY EYE, PAM LOOK OUT!





THE INCREDIBLE MONSTROSITY SANK IT'S MINUTE FANGS INTO THE TENDER FLESH OF PAM'S NECK...



BUT BART GRABBED IT BACK BEFORE IT TOOK A REAL BITE! IT BIT BART!

IN A MATTER OF SECONDS IT WAS ALL OVER. BART WAS DEAD...

IT--IT'S GONE / BACK INTO HIS EYE / I MUST TELL IGOR-- WARN IGOR--



QUICKLY-- I MUST SEE IGOR TIMKIN-- THERE'S GREAT DANGER...

STOY / STOY /

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?



IN IGOR'S QUARTERS...

IT WAS AWFUL -- A STRANGE CREATURE -- A-A MUTATION... IT CAME OUT OF HIS EYE / IT... IT...

IT WHAT? WHAT DID THIS FIGMENT OF YOUR IMAGINATION DO?..



IT KILLED BART / YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF / I WANT TO LEAVE HERE





LEAVE? SILLY LITTLE  
FOOL... YOU CAN  
NEVER LEAVE...

YOU DON'T SCARE ME...  
I'LL GO WHEN I PLEASE-  
NOW...

QUIET!! NOW, WE'LL SEE ABOUT YOUR  
FANTASTIC STORY AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT  
STUPID DUPE YOU HELPED ME BETRAY...



HIS WORDS,  
THE EVENTS  
OF THE  
MORNING...  
WERE TOO  
MUCH! I AM  
LEAPED FOR  
THE LEERING  
RUSSIAN...

STOP!! FOR THIS  
I WILL PUNISH  
YOU...

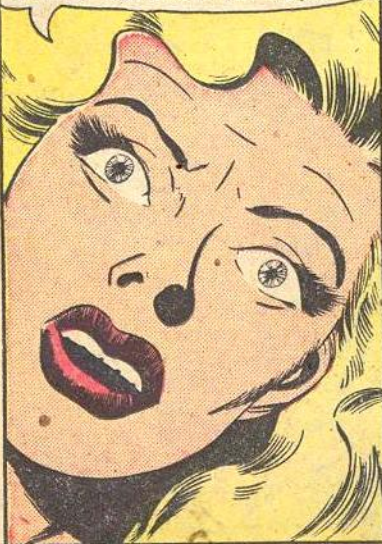


SUDDENLY THE HYSTERICAL GIRL  
STOPPED HER FUTILE STRUGGLES...

I'VE SEED OF THE HORRIBLE  
DOUBT PLANTED, SHE WAITED  
FOR SOMETHING TO START  
SQUIRMING AWAY WITHIN HER  
HEAD...

IGOR! IGOR! YOU'VE  
GOT TO HELP ME! I'LL  
STAY... I'LL DO ANYTHING!  
JUST HELP ME... I'LL STAY  
WITH YOU!!

THE MUTATIONS! WAIT... COULD I  
HAVE BEEN INFECTED WHEN  
BART'S MUTATION BIT ME?...

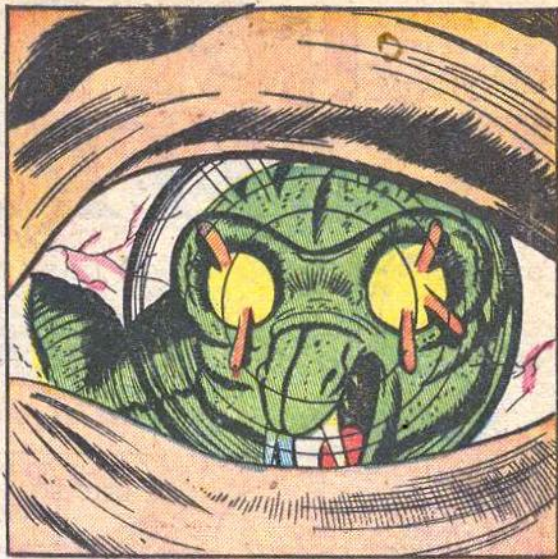


IT REALLY DID HAPPEN THEN!  
BART IS DEAD AND THERE ARE  
UNSHIELDED ATOMIC RAY ...  
MUTATIONS... ONE BIT HER AND  
SHE BIT ME...





ANIMAL-LIKE, HE SENSED HIS DANGER AND ANIMAL-LIKE, STARTED TO DESTROY THE SOURCE OF THAT DANGER...



JUST THEN SHE FELT A TWINGE, AN ITCHING SENSATION BEHIND HER LEFT EYE...



THAT'S ALL... BUT WAIT! I HADN'T NOTICED BEFORE--MY EYES FEEL SO STRANGE--SO TIRED AND TAUT! HOW DO YOURS FEEL? THINK HARD--HOW DO THEY FEEL RIGHT NOW?





# HORROR of the FLOWERS of DEATH!



STRANGE JUNGLE BEASTS CRYING IN THE NIGHT, CRUEL NATIVES BURNING WITH HATRED AND REVENGE, AND A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ARE THE EXOTIC COMPONENTS FOR THIS TALE OF THE SUPERNATURAL! COME WITH US TO THE LAND OF TERROR WHERE FLOWERS GIVE BEAUTY...AND **DEATH!**



NOW I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, YOU'RE DEATH!

COME TO ME, MY BELOVED, HAVE NO FEAR!

A RAINSWEEP AFTERNOON AT LONG-DALE CEMETARY! PROFESSOR HARRISON HUMBER, BOTANIST, ATTENDS BURIAL SERVICES FOR HIS CLOSE FRIEND, NEIL JAMES... HIS SUDDEN DEATH WAS A BAF-FLING MYSTERY!



IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE... NEIL GONE! ONLY FOUR MONTHS AGO HE LEFT FOR THE AMAZON... AND THEN HIS BODY WAS SHIPPED BACK! A MANGLED WRECK! HOW, WHY?

GOOD BYE, NEIL!

IT WILL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE THE WORLD SEES ANOTHER SCIENTIST LIKE NEIL JAMES! I WONDER WHO THAT PRETTY GIRL IS? SHE MUST HAVE BEEN A CLOSE FRIEND OF NEIL'S







THE PROFESSOR ASKED THE STRANGE, PRETTY GIRL TO RIDE BACK TO TOWN WITH HIM...

I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO HER... SHE MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING OF NEIL'S DEATH!

MISS, MAY I DRIVE YOU TO TOWN?

YOU'RE SO KIND!



INSIDE THE CAR...

I'M PROFESSOR HARRISON HUMBER... I WAS A CLOSE FRIEND OF NEIL JAMES, AND I...

OH, YES, PROFESSOR, NEIL MENTIONED YOU OFTEN! I'M KAREN MORTON!



THEY WENT TO HUMBER'S APARTMENT TO GET DRY!

I GATHER THEN, THAT YOU KNEW NEIL WELL?

OH, YES, EXTREMELY WELL! I FLEW BACK WITH HIS BODY! HE WANTED TO BE BURIED HERE! WE LIKED EACH OTHER VERY MUCH!



...IN FACT, HE WANTED YOU TO CARRY ON HIS WORK! ...YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT SUPERSTITION ABOUT IT USING BLOOD FOR REJUVENATION?

YES, WE WERE BOTH WORKING ON THE TARA LILY! THE ONE THAT HAS THE POWER TO REJUVENATE ITSELF!



THE PROFESSOR'S MIND LEAPT BACKWARD TO THE MONTHS WHEN HE AND NEIL SPENT HOURS WORKING SIDE BY SIDE!

IT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE, NEIL! IF WE ONLY COULD GET A WHOLE LIVE FLOWER TO EXPERIMENT ON!

HARRISON, I THINK THE TIME HAS COME WHEN THIS PROJECT NECESSITATES A FIELD TRIP... TO THE AMAZON!



...AND THIS TIME I MAKE THE TRIP! YOU WENT THE LAST TIME, WHEN WE WORKED ON THE ARCTIC ROSE!

ALL RIGHT, NEIL, IT'S YOUR BABY NOW!



AS HARRISON FINISHED HIS REMINISCING, KAREN OPENED HER BAG AND FROM IT SHE TOOK A FOLDED-UP OBJECT WHICH SHE OPENED AND SPREAD OUT ON THE FLOOR...

THAT'S IT! THE TARA LILY! TOO BAD IT'S DEAD! SO NEIL ACTUALLY FOUND ONE! BUT WHERE? COULD I FIND THEM TOO?

NEIL FOUND THIS ONE JUST BEFORE HE DIED! HE GAVE IT TO ME TO SHOW YOU!



THE NATIVES CALL IT THE **MANKILLER!** IF YOU DECIDE TO GO ON AN EXPEDITION, LET ME HELP YOU! THE NATIVES ARE JUST SUPERSTITIOUS!

YOU'RE A WONDERFUL GIRL, KAREN! I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS, I'M A SCIENTIST!



AFTER THE GIRL'S DEPARTURE, HUMBER STOOD STARING AT THE HUGE PETAL FOR A LONG TIME...

IF A MAN WERE ABLE TO FIND A FIELD OF THESE AND LEARN THEIR SECRET OF REJUVENATION, HE'D BE FAMOUS!

AT FIRST, THE PROFESSOR TRIED TO DRIVE THE THOUGHT FROM HIS MIND... BUT IT STEADFASTLY REFUSED TO BUDGE...



I'D LOVE TO HELP YOU...

...TO HARRISON HUMBER, OUR AWARD FOR THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY OF THE DECADE!



IT'S DANGEROUS!

UNTIL FINALLY, THE PROFESSOR GAVE IN TO HIS AMBITIONS... FIRST, HE WENT TO THE BOARD OF THE UNIVERSITY WHERE HE WAS A PROFESSOR...

THE PROFESSOR TALKED LONG AND CONVINCINGLY... AND THEN...

ALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR, THE BOARD AGREES UNANIMOUSLY! YOUR REQUEST FOR FUNDS IS GRANTED! EVEN THOUGH IT'S DANGEROUS!

THANK YOU, SIR, YOU WON'T REGRET YOUR DECISION!



HARRISON LAID HIS PLANS SWIFTLY... ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS WERE COMPLETED... EXCEPT ONE...

YOU SAY THERE'S NO KAREN MORTON REGISTERED THERE AND NEVER WAS? THANK YOU!



KAREN HAD DISAPPEARED...



KAREN'S DISAPPEARANCE MADE HUMBER EVEN MORE ZEALOUS... HE CAME TO LOS TIAS... NEAR THE BASE OF THE AMAZON RIVER...



YOU SAY THE BEARERS WILL NOT GO TO THE TARA LILY COUNTRY?

THEY ARE AFRAID TO GO TO LILY LAND!

WITHOUT BEARERS HUMBER WAS READY TO QUIT... BUT THAT NIGHT, AT AN INN...



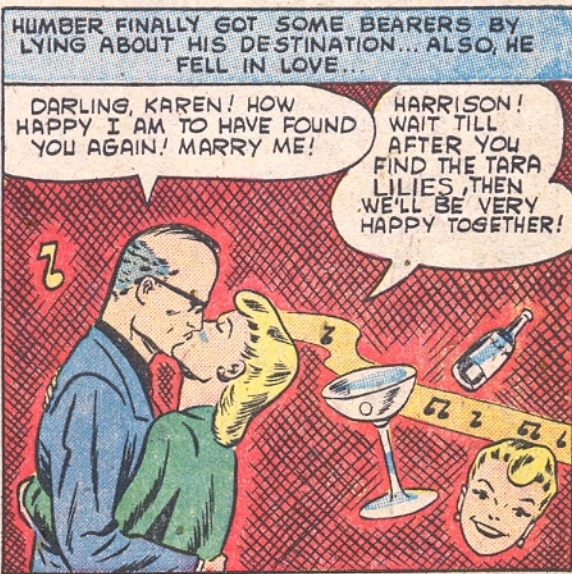
I'D LIKE A GIN AND T... KAREN! IT IS YOU!

PROFESSOR! I THOUGHT I'D BE SEEING YOU HERE SOON!



YOU DID? BUT I SOUGHT YOU EVERYWHERE TO TELL YOU!

I'M GLAD YOU CAME, HARRISON... I LIKE A MAN WITH COURAGE! DON'T QUIT!

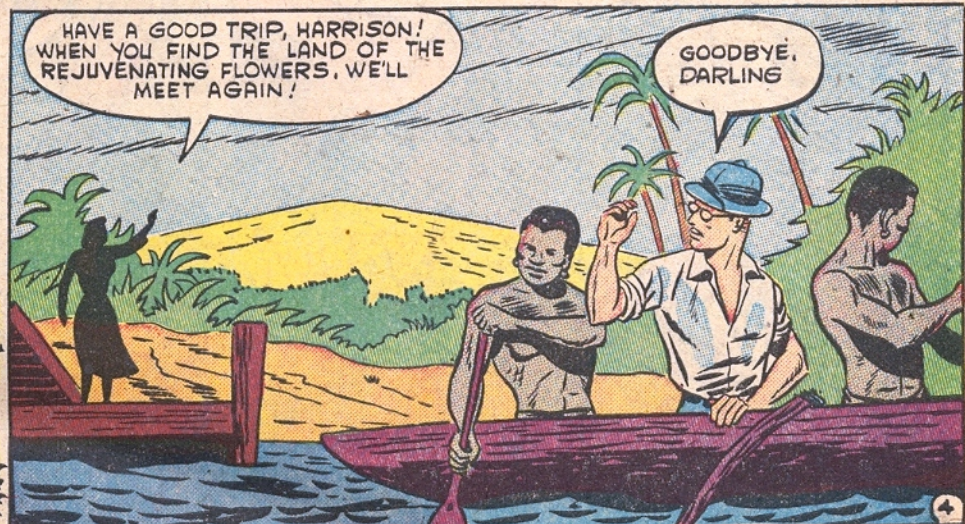


HUMBER FINALLY GOT SOME BEARERS BY LYING ABOUT HIS DESTINATION... ALSO, HE FELL IN LOVE...

DARLING, KAREN! HOW HAPPY I AM TO HAVE FOUND YOU AGAIN! MARRY ME!

HARRISON! WAIT TILL AFTER YOU FIND THE TARA LILIES, THEN WE'LL BE VERY HAPPY TOGETHER!

ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE SMALL PARTY SHOVED OFF DOWN THE AMAZON...



HAVE A GOOD TRIP, HARRISON! WHEN YOU FIND THE LAND OF THE REJUVENATING FLOWERS, WE'LL MEET AGAIN!

GOODBYE, DARLING



THE FIRST DAYS OUT WERE SERENE AND PLACID...



HOW MUCH FURTHER TILL WE HIT THE RIVER BASIN, KIATO?

THREE, MAYBE FOUR DAY, SAHIB!

ON THE AFTER-NOON OF THE FOURTH DAY, THE EXPEDITION REACHED THE RIVER BASIN... MANY MILES INLAND WHERE, KAREN HAD TOLD HUMBER, THE TARA LILIES GREW!

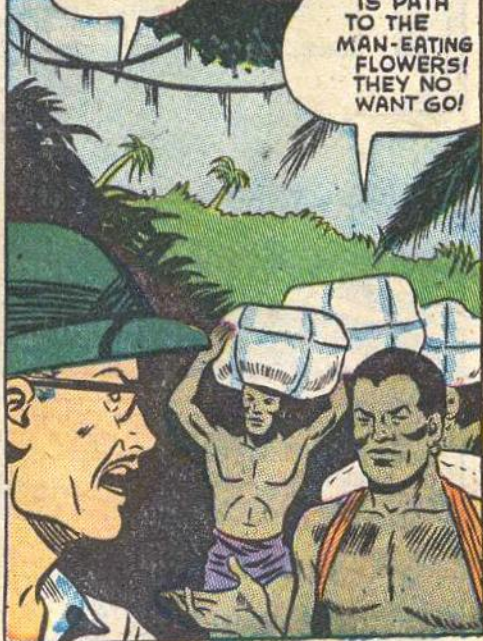
WE'LL CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT, TOMORROW, WE'LL START ON A RIGID SCHEDULE, KIATO! I WANT TO MAKE GOOD TIME!



AS THE DAYS PASSED AND THE PARTY MADE IT'S WAY DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE, HUMBER'S AMBITION BECAME ALMOST AN OBSESSION...

HURRY IT UP, YOU STUPID DEVILS! I WANT TO MAKE AT LEAST SIX MILES TODAY!

SAHIB, THEY SAY THIS IS PATH TO THE MAN-EATING FLOWERS! THEY NO WANT GO!



DON'T GIVE ME ANY EXCUSES, YOU DUMB SAVAGE! WHAT I SAY HERE GOES! DO YOU THINK I'D LET ANY SILLY SUPERSTITION STOP ME... BUT WE'RE NOT GOING THERE, I TELL YOU!

BUT, SAH... UGHHH!



HUMBER'S LIES QUIETED THE NATIVE'S FEARS, AND THEY AGREED TO GO ON...

NOT ONLY WILL I BE FAMOUS... BUT, I'LL BE RICH TOO! AND I'LL HAVE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ALIVE AS MY WIFE! I'LL LET **NOTHING** STOP ME NOW!



BUT A WEEK LATER, THEY NEARED THE COUNTRY THE NATIVES FEARED...

SAHIB, I HAVE THING TO TELL YOU! THE BEARERS ARE... ARE...

SPEAK UP, MAN! SPEAK UP! THEY'RE AFRAID OF THE FLOWER COUNTRY, IS THAT IT? WELL, THAT'S JUST TOO BAD! TELL THOSE STUPID BEARERS THE FIRST ONE WHO TRIES TO LEAVE... WILL GET HIS HEAD BLOWN OFF!! WE'LL BY PASS THOSE FLOWERS!







HE FEARED IF THE NATIVES QUIT HE COULD NOT GO ON. THEN, HE THOUGHT HE SAW...

THOSE DUMB NATIVES NEED... WHAT THE... KAREN! KAREN, WAIT!

DON'T QUIT!



KAREN, IT'S ME... OH, SHE'S GONE! I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW KAREN!



THE COMBINATION OF THE "VISION" AND THE HEAT, MADE HIS NERVE'S TAUT... HE DRANK CONSTANTLY...

SAHIB, THE MEN GROW MORE AFRAID... BY NIGHTFALL WE REACH THE KILLER-FLOWER LAND! I..

IT'S (HIC) ABOUT TIME! YOU... YOU (HIC) DEVILS HAVE MADE THIS TRIP TAKE TOO LONG! NOW (HIC) SHUT UP!



FOR ANOTHER FEW HOURS, THE GROUP PROGRESSED BUT THEN, SUDDENLY, A NATIVE RAN!

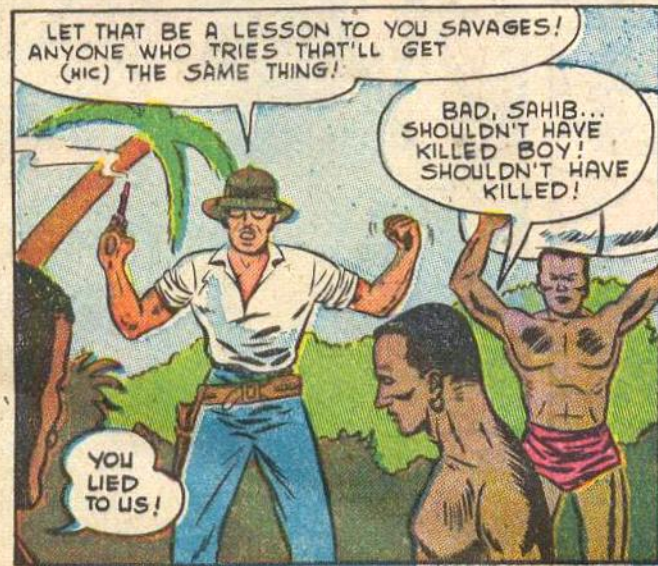
NOT GO! NOT GO TO WHERE KILLER FLOWERS IS! NOT GO!



I WARNED YOU!

NOT GO... ARHRRR!

BAM!



LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU SAVAGES! ANYONE WHO TRIES THAT'LL GET (HIC) THE SAME THING!

BAD, SAHIB... SHOULDN'T HAVE KILLED BOY! SHOULDN'T HAVE KILLED!

YOU LIED TO US!



THE NATIVES USUALLY SPENT HALF THE NIGHT SINGING AND POUNDING ON TOM-TOMS, BUT THAT NIGHT, ALL WAS QUIET! WORRIED, THE PROFESSOR SOON SAW THE REASON FOR THE OMINOUS QUIET...

MAYBE THEY'RE... THEY'RE OUT THERE! SNEAKING TOWARD MY TENT!





HUMBER QUICKLY REALIZED THAT EVEN WITH HIS PISTOL, HE WAS BADLY OUTNUMBERED, AND SO...

I'LL SHOW THOSE DEVILS THEY CAN'T OUTSMART ME! THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME IN THE DARKNESS OF THE JUNGLE! I'LL FIND KAREN! SHE'LL HELP ME!

AN HOUR LATER...

I SHOWED THEM! HA! I CAN HEAR THEIR DRUMS POUNDING! THAT MEANS THEY'VE GIVEN UP AND I'M... KAREN! KAREN, IT IS YOU!

YES, HARRISON! IT'S ME!

TAKING FOR GRANTED THAT KAREN HAD SOMEHOW CAUGHT UP WITH THE EXPEDITION TO JOIN HIM, HUMBER DID NOT QUESTION HER APPEARANCE IN THE JUNGLE... INSTEAD HE TOLD OF HIS "CLEVER" ESCAPE FROM THE NATIVES...

TELL ME, DARLING, ARE WE ALMOST AT THE TARA LILY TERRITORY?

OH, YES, MY LOVE... YOU'RE MUCH CLOSER THAN YOU DREAM! DO YOU KNOW WHY THE NATIVES ARE POUNDING ON THEIR DRUMS?

NO, DARLING, I DON'T... KAREN! GOOD LORD, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU! YOU... YOU'RE CHANGING!

THEY'RE POUNDING OUT... YOUR DEATH CALL! YOU'VE FOUND THE MAN-EATING FLOWER!

HELP! SAVE ME! UGHHHH!

NO... IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE THE KILLER FLOWER! SO THAT'S HOW NEIL DIED! LET ME GO!

OH NO, MY LOVE, YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME NOW! YOU'RE MINE FOREVER!

IMPOSSIBLE—YOU SAY... BUT THE FLOWER ENVELOPED KAREN AND SHE.....

YES HUMBER, AT LAST YOU HAVE LEARNED THE LILIES DO NEED BLOOD FOR REJUVENATION!

A CUTE TALE, ISN'T IT? HOPE YOU ENJOYED IT--

THE END



# An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's  
who want to  
**LOOK SLIMMER**  
and  
**FEEL YOUNGER**



**POSTURE BAD?**  
Got a 'Bay Window'?



**DO YOU ENVY MEN**  
who can  
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?

and then he got a  
'CHEVALIER'...



**YOU NEED A**  
'CHEVALIER'!

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

## The CHEVALIER

**LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"**

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

### FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!



### TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen, yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

### DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!

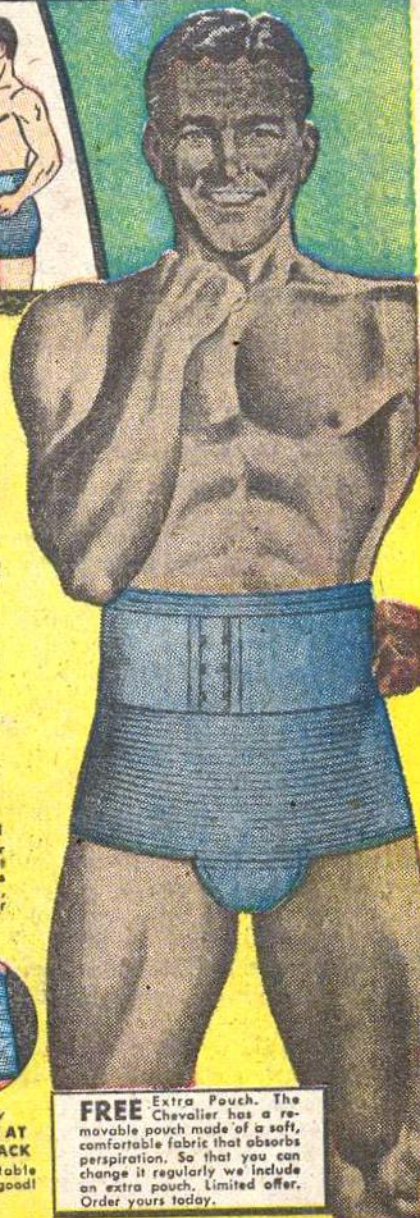


### Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on FREE TRIAL. Mail the coupon right now!

Rear View  
**FITS SNUG AT SMALL OF BACK**  
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

**FREE** Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch, limited offer. Order yours today.



## FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined—how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



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Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.75 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my FREE pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is.....  
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# THE BRIDE OF DEATH

By ELLEN LYNN

**M**Y NAME is Boswell Granger, and I am a scientist and explorer. Most of my work takes me to Africa and it was while I was in a remote little village inhabited by a particularly primitive tribe that word reached me by runner that my daughter, Rima, was born in New York. That day the tribal drums boomed louder than usual and soon I knew why. For I came upon a strange ritual around the birth of another little girl, Lali. She had been born with a wondrous mark on her thigh—the clear outlines of a flame.

Word had spread rapidly through the village of this momentous event. The mother, Hahni, was summoned to appear before the Chief. Hahni had often helped me in my work during my sojourn near that little village. She had picked up a small working-stock of English from me and with my little knowledge of the native tongue we were able to make ourselves understood to each other and had become friends. When her baby was expected she indicated a wish that I be around; she had confidence in my knowledge of medicine. I warned her that the witch-doctor would be angry—but she was quite a courageous person and had insisted—"Want—babee—born—Good, healthy."

I waited impatiently for Hahni to return from her conference with the Chief. What did he want of her? And why had they sent a woman to get the baby, Lali, and bring her to the pow-wow? Suddenly there were loud outcries. I rushed out of Hahni's hut and saw practically the whole tribe milling about the Chief's "palace." Hahni stood with her hands covering her face. The Chief stood next to her—his face expressionless. Near him was the old witch-doctor holding the baby, Lali—completely nude—high in the air on the flat of his palms. He was singing, or droning—and his voice reached a high treble pitch like a thin scream.

It wasn't until the next day when I returned to the village that I discovered the meaning of that disturbing scene. Hahni, in tears, told me that the mark on Lali's thigh had been interpreted by the witch-doctor as a sign from the gods of the tribe. Lali had been chosen by the Fire God to be his bride. When she reached the age of three she was to be married to the volcanic god.

"I—want—babee—so long time! Lali—must—be mine always." Hahni was broken-hearted.

I felt a sense of guilt. By teaching her so many things outside of her world of the primitive village, I had created a rebelliousness in Hahni, that was leading her into unhappiness and trouble. Repugnant as it was to me to think of this little human being taken from her to be hand-

maiden to the witch doctor to these primitive people such a choice was a tremendous honor. The family thus selected achieves many privileges. Those were the customs and beliefs of this primitive tribe—and it was the place where Hahni had to live. I had upset all these things for her.

My words to her were halting and forced. "Hahni—you are much honored. Your daughter will be a bride of the god of fire. You will be very important . . ."

"No—no!" she cried, much like a western mother, "I—love—little—babee."

"What is the mark on Lali's thigh?" I asked.

"Like—fire—flame," Hahni answered. "Here, see—this!" She showed me the amulet she always wore around her neck. It was of stone and a crude image of a pointed flame had been carved in its hard surface.

A tall bronzed figure stood in the entrance of her hut. His face looked unfriendly as he pointed straight at me. "You—come," he demanded. I looked at Hahni and she nodded, her eyes fearful. I thought it was best to comply. From the beginning the chief of this tribe and the witch-doctor had been quite hostile toward me and I had to make numerous presents to them.

They were waiting for me in the Chief's kraal. I knew this was not going to be a pleasant talk. In fact, when I gathered that I was being asked to leave the village, and never return, I was almost relieved. There were some bad moments when it looked as though I would never get out of the place—alive!

On my journey "out" I tried to analyze the whole episode. Of course, Lali's birthmark, to these highly superstitious people, would quite normally be a sign to them—its odd shape, suggesting a pointed flame, indicated a message from the all-powerful god of Fire. But could it be that the witch-doctor felt his position of all-wise, final authority being shaken by my presence? Hahni was the first to flaunt him—refusing his herbs, his stones and incantations to bring the baby to birth. Others might follow. Undoubtedly, he worked on the Chief and his advisers to get rid of me. I felt lucky to escape.

But the whole episode soon drifted from my mind. The Museum for which I had taken this expedition had sent a call for my immediate departure and the prospect of seeing my new daughter—superseded all other thoughts. Occasionally Hahni and her baby came before my mind but as the distance away from Africa increased, so the sharpness of that experience dimmed. After all, I was quite accustomed to the



primitive ways of these tribes and only my personal friendship with Hahni stirred a keener sympathy for the plight of a mother who was going to lose the personal keeping of her child. Eventually I forgot the whole thing.

The next two years were spent close to my family. Then in 1948 I had to return to Africa on a short mission. I bade my wife and adorable daughter, Rima, goodbye, happy in the thought I would soon return. The night I arrived near the jungle I went to my tent early. A brilliant moon half-lighted my tent and in the shadows I saw something move. I made out a native woman—standing with one arm outstretched in a gesture of appeal. Softly, she called, "Doc-teur—help me, —please!"

"Why—it's you, Hahni! What's the trouble?"

She burst into tears. Her story of her little girl, Lali, brought back to me that strange ritual—yes, it was almost three years ago! Quite a coincidence that I should have returned here at this time!

"I prayed—you—come—help me. Two more weeks—Lali become bride of Fire God—but they want to throw her into volcano!" Her sobs—those of a broken-hearted mother—moved me deeply.

"Oh no! I thought they gave up that practice long ago." I tried to console her. "Your people consider that part of your religion. What can I do? They would tear me apart if I interfered."

"I—like—your—religion. Your one God is—not cruel—would not kill little babies . . ." Hahni amazed me with her answer. An idea occurred to me how I might help her. It was a bold plan and its failure might spell death for Hahni and me. The courageous Hahni was, of course, ready to risk everything.

I took out a small kodak camera from my bag and gave Hahni a lesson in how to use it. She was an apt pupil. I loaded it with color film and told her I would return to her village with her at once and she would secretly take a picture of Lali. Then we would return as quickly as possible.

I got in touch with a friend of mine—a well-known sculptor—and told him my plan—that he was to make a life-size reproduction of the little Lali, whose picture I would give him. He was intrigued by the dramatic story though he cautioned me of the danger. I was, of course, only too aware of that. Everything went according to plan. Hahni took an excellent picture of Lali—a beautiful, dark child with enormous black eyes—Gallon, my sculptor friend, went to work immediately and created a vivid likeness. Now we were ready to try to save Lali. The day arrived when the "Bride" was to be sacrificed to the god of the Fire. Gallon and I were tense the whole day—wondering whether Hahni had succeeded in substituting the reproduction of Lali for her own little girl. It was the next night she came to me—

and she had Lali with her! She was excited—and happy. And so was I. She had hidden Lali and then had carried the sculptured figure to the volcano herself. It was dressed in bridal array and the witch-doctor had made his incantations over it then swept it from Hahni's arms and hurled it into the flame of the volcano. We decided to put Lali into a convent where she would be raised by the sympathetic sisters. Hahni was elated.

We said goodbye and that was the last time I ever saw Hahni—alive.

It was a long four years before I came to Johannesburg again . . . this time with my wife and daughter Rima. I was visiting Gallon, when suddenly I thought of Hahni. "Whatever became of them?" I inquired. Somehow it came as a shock to learn that Hahni was dead. The story Gallon told me was that in the course of the past four years the village had been struck with many disasters. Nothing the witch-doctor could do with his magic could stop the tragedies that befell the natives. He had always been suspicious of Hahni, and he finally got a confession from her of her substitution. "What happened then?" I urged Gallon. The whole village was aroused to fury. The god of fire had been defrauded of his bride and had cursed them all these years. Another girl, the same age as Lali, must be given to appease the angry god. I shivered when I heard this. "And—and—what happened to Hahni?" I asked. "They stoned her to death," was the horrible answer.

What happened afterward is difficult to tell. In the night my wife came crying to me—"Rima—I can't find her—where could she have gone?" An ancient native had been playing with her. Then I knew. I took my friend, Gallon, with me. Some natives, paddled us to the village. My blood turned cold when I saw a ritual being conducted at the mouth of the volcano. A child, whimpering, was being held aloft in the arms of the witch-doctor. Horrible to say—it was my own daughter, Rima. I couldn't think—but my hand automatically reached for my gun. I knew it could not save her, but—then an amazing thing—a miracle?—happened. A woman with flowing black hair and a white gown suddenly appeared behind the witch-doctor, grabbed Rima in one arm and plunged a blade in the back of the old man. With a piercing shriek, the old man fell into the volcano.

A hush fell on the crowd of natives. They fell on their knees and after a while slithered away. I rushed forward—Gallon at my heels. I picked up my little girl—mercifully they had given her some drug and she was only half-conscious. Holding her close to my breast, I knelt down to pick up something gleaming on the ground. It was Hahni's amulet—with the flame chiseled in its surface! Had she come back to help me? But from where?

THE END



# TERROR of the VAMPIRES KISS



HE'S DEAD! HE SAID HE'D BE KILLED BUT NO ONE BELIEVED HIM! NOW I'LL BE NEXT... NEXT ON THE VAMPIRE'S LIST!

FOOEY! THERE ISN'T ANY SUCH THING AS A VAMPIRE! ...BUT WHAT IS THAT?

IT... IT'S THE VAMPIRE!



BELIEVE IN THE LIVING DEAD? NO, YOU SAY? BUT WAIT, DO NOT BE SO HASTY. COME WITH US TO THE DEATHLY STILLNESS OF A CEMETARY AT MIDNIGHT AND MEET THE STRANGE AND EERIE INHABITANTS WHO ROAM AT WILL! LISTEN CLOSELY AND BEWARE OF THE DOOM OF **THE VAMPIRE'S KISS!**

I LIKED TO WALK IN NEWTON CEMETARY LATE AT NIGHT... I LIKED THE CALMNESS... THE PEACEFULNESS... STRANGE, YOU WILL SAY... NO, NOT AT ALL... YOU SEE, I HAD TO WALK THERE... BUT THAT'S MY STORY...



THE DEAD ARE RESTFUL TO BE WITH... THEY HAVE NO FEARS, NO TROUBLES!

SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DARKNESS, I FELT A HAND ON MY SHOULDER...

OWHH! SORRY TO STARTLE YOU, MISS, BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE AT THIS HOUR OF NIGHT? VISITORS AREN'T ALLOWED AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK!



Harrison Bache



I KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE RULES, BUT I LIKE TO WALK HERE AT NIGHT. IT MAKES ME FEEL AT PEACE WITH MYSELF. THE AIR IS SO STILL... SO SERENE!

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. I ALSO LIKE TO COME HERE IN THE EVENING. I'M HAROLD CROWN. MY FATHER'S CARETAKER OF THE CEMETARY!

HAROLD CROWN... THE NAME RANG A FAMILIAR BELL IN MY MIND... I KNEW I'D HEARD IT BEFORE...

I'M ELLEN. HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU... OR HEARD ABOUT YOU SOMEWHERE? YOUR NAME AND FACE SEEM SO FAMILIAR!

IT'S PROBABLY IN CONNECTION WITH THAT LENORE ADDAMS CASE A FEW WEEKS AGO! BOTH DAD AND I HAD OUR PICTURES A LOT!



OH, YES, THE LENORE ADDAMS CASE... IT ALL STARTED WHEN THE ADDAMS MANSION BURNED TO THE GROUND...

HEY, MAC, LOOK AT THE BODY I JUST DRAGGED OUT OF THE HOUSE. IT'S A YOUNG GIRL!

YEAH, THAT'S FUNNY! I THOUGHT ALL THE ADDAMS WAS DEAD... AND ONLY THAT NUTTY OLD HOUSEKEEPER...



THE POLICE THOUGHT THE BODY WAS THAT OF LENORE ADDAMS DAUGHTER OF CYRUS, THE ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE. WHEN THEY QUESTIONED THE FAMILY'S OLD HOUSEKEEPER...

HOW COME NO ONE EVEN KNEW THIS GIRL EXISTED? THE CORONER SAYS SHE WAS ABOUT TWENTY-FOUR... DIDN'T ANYONE EVER SEE HER?

IT WAS MR. ADDAMS' LAST WISH THAT LENORE, THE LAST REMAINING ADDAMS, BE RAISED WITHIN THE MANSION WALLS AND NEVER GO OUT TO MINGLE WITH OTHERS! HE SAID THAT THE ADDAMS WERE GODS!... AND THAT THE POPULACE DIDN'T DESERVE TO SEE THE LAST OF THE STRAIN!



GODS! WHAT TH...

AFTER MR. ADDAMS' DEATH, I CARRIED OUT HER FATHER'S WISHES! NO LIVING SOUL, EXCEPT MYSELF EVER SAW LENORE ADDAMS!



THE REPORTERS ATE UP THE STORY.

YEAH, BOSS, THAT'S WHAT I SAID... GODS! THE WHOLE FAMILY MUST'VE BEEN WACKY! IT'LL MAKE A GOOD STORY THOUGH!



THE STORY WAS CIRCULATED DAILY IN ALL PAPERS AND SENTIMENT AGAINST THE ADDAMS FAMILY GAINED IN SUCH MOMENTUM THAT...

GENTLEMEN, AS A MEMBER OF NEWTON CEMETARY'S BOARD OF DIRECTORS... AND CARE-TAKER OF THE CEMETARY ITSELF, I DEMAND THAT LENORE ADDAMS BE BURIED ELSEWHERE! THE PEOPLE OF THIS GOOD TOWN WON'T STAND FOR IT! WE DON'T WANT ANY CRAZY ADDAMS IN OUR CEMETARY!







THAT'S RIGHT, DAD! WE OUGHT TO DIG UP ANY ADDAMS' BODIES WHICH ARE ALREADY BURIED THERE AND MOVE THEM!

GOOD IDEA, HAROLD! WE'LL DO IT!

I APPROVE!

THE PLAN WAS APPROVED BY THE BOARD, AND SIX ADDAMS' BODIES WERE REMOVED FROM THEIR GRAVES AND TAKEN TO A DESOLATE SPOT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN FOR REBURIAL. LENORE ADDAMS' BODY WAS ALSO PLACED THERE...

WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF THE ADDAMS! THE TOWN'S FINISHED WITH THEM FOR GOOD! WE DON'T LIKE CRACK-POTS

I WARN YOU... THE ADDAMS' FAMILY WILL HAVE REVENGE FOR THIS DEED! THEY SHALL COME BACK!

YEAH, IT SURE WAS A STRANGE BUSINESS! THE WHOLE THING GAVE ME THE CREEPS! PLEASE COME INSIDE FOR A MINUTE, AND HAVE SOME COFFEE! DAD AND DON'T HAVE MANY VISITORS OUT HERE!

THANK YOU, I'D LIKE TO!



INSIDE I MET AMOS CROWN, HAROLD'S FATHER...THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN INSTRUMENTAL IN BRINGING SHAME AND DIS-GRACE ON THE ADDAMS FAMILY...

YEP, I'VE SEEN MANY A PECULIAR THING IN MY DAY... BUT THAT WHOLE AFFAIR WAS THE STRANGEST YET! OLD CYRUS WAS A SLY ONE, ALL RIGHT... ALWAYS SPOKE OF THE ADDAMS' AS IF THEY WEREN'T EVEN HUMAN!

YOU WERE WISE, MR. CROWN... VERY WISE!



BOTH HAROLD AND HIS FATHER SEEMED TO LIKE ME FOR AS I STARTED TO LEAVE FOR HOME...

ARE YOU SURE I CAN'T WALK YOU HOME?

NO, HAROLD, THANK YOU, BUT IT ISN'T NECESSARY. I DON'T LIVE TOO FAR AWAY!

COME BACK AND SEE US AGAIN! THAT'S WHAT THIS HOUSE NEEDS IN IT... A WOMAN!



OH, YES, I'LL DEFINITELY HAVE TO PAY THE CROWNS ANOTHER VISIT... THEY WERE SO NICE TO ME!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING WHILE I WAS DOING AN ERRAND IN TOWN...

WELL, GOOD MORNING, HAROLD! YOU'RE UP BRIGHT AND EARLY!



OH, GOOD MORNING! I'M NOT UP EARLY AT ALL... I HAVEN'T BEEN TO BED YET! LAST NIGHT AFTER YOU LEFT, A TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED! MR. WHITEHALL WAS KILLED!





MR. WHITEHALL?  
THE CHAIRMAN  
OF THE  
CEMETERY  
BOARD?

YES, THAT'S HIM!  
ABOUT AN HOUR  
AFTER YOU LEFT  
WE HEARD AN  
UNEARTHLY  
SCREAM COMING  
FROM THE FAR CORNER  
OF THE CEMETARY.  
DAD AND I RUSHED  
OUT, AND FOUND MR.  
WHITEHALL'S BODY!

NO  
PARKING



HAROLD ASKED ME TO DRIVE BACK TO THE CEMETARY  
WITH HIM... HE SAID HE FELT SHAKEN AND IN NEED OF  
COMPANY...

BUT, HAROLD, YOU  
STILL HAVEN'T TOLD  
ME OF WHAT OR HOW  
MR. WHITEHALL  
DIED.

THAT'S JUST IT... THE  
STRANGEST PART! BUT, WAIT,  
I SEE THE CORONER IS  
STILL HERE... HE CAN TELL  
US MORE ABOUT IT!



WHAT'S NEW,  
CORONER? ANY  
WORD YET?

NO, NOTHING NEW... JUST THE SAME  
OLD UNBELIEVABLE STORY! IT DOESN'T  
MAKE SENSE... NOT A MARK ON HIS BODY,  
NO ACCIDENTS, NO NOTHING... BUT HE'S  
STILL **DEAD**! ALL BLOOD DRAINED FROM HIS  
BODY LIKE A VAMPIRE'S WORK!



COULDN'T IT HAVE  
BEEN A HEART ATTACK  
OR SOMETHING SIMILAR?

NO, THE CORONER'S REPORT  
WOULD HAVE SHOWED THAT! IT'S  
MIGHTY STRANGE, ALL RIGHT!  
AND I DON'T MIND SAYING, IT  
KIND OF FRIGHTENED ME!



HAD DINNER WITH THE CROWN'S THAT  
NIGHT... AMOS CROWN HAD A THEORY  
ON MR. WHITEHALL'S DEATH...

I TELL YOU,  
I HAVE A  
FEELING  
THAT  
SOMEHOW  
THE ADDAMS'  
ARE MIXED  
UP IN  
THIS!

DAD, WHAT ARE  
YOU SAYING?  
THE ADDAMS'  
ARE ALL  
DEAD!

WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN, MR.  
CROWN?



I MEAN THAT I THINK  
THAT FAMILY IS  
CAPABLE OF  
ANYTHING!...EVEN  
TO BEING **VAMPIRES**!  
MARK MY WORDS  
HAROLD, NONE OF  
US ARE SAFE!

OH, DAD, YOU'RE BEING  
SILLY! THE ADDAMS' ARE  
DEAD AND BURIED.  
WHITEHALL'S DEATH  
DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING  
TO DO WITH THEM!

OH, YOU  
MUST BE  
MISTAKEN,  
MR. CROWN!





**B**UT WAS AMOS CROWN  
WRONG? A WEEK LATER  
AS I ENTERED NEWTON  
CEMETARY FOR MY  
NIGHTLY STROLL...

JUST A MINUTE,  
MISS? WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING  
HERE?

OH... I'M  
GOING  
FOR A  
WALK. I ALWAYS.



A WALK?  
NOW LOOK  
HERE...

IT'S ALL RIGHT,  
CASEY, SHE'S A  
FRIEND OF  
MINE!

HAROLD,  
WHAT'S WRONG?  
HAS SOMETHING  
HAPPENED?



**H**AROLD LED ME OVER TO  
WHERE A GROUP OF POLICE-  
MEN WERE GAZING DOWN ...  
**AT A DEAD BODY!**

IT'S LEONARD  
JACKSON...  
DEAD! JUST  
LIKE BURT  
WHITEHALL...  
CAUSE UNKNOWN!  
BUT HIS BLOOD  
HAS BEEN DRAINED  
FROM HIS BODY  
HE WAS ON  
THE CEMETARY  
BOARD.

OH, HAROLD  
HOW HORRIBLE!

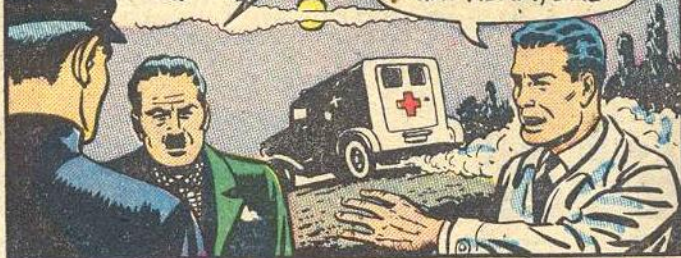


**T**HE POLICE SEEMED STUMPED...NO ONE HAD ANY  
CLUES OR IDEAS...NO ONE, THAT IS, BUT AMOS  
CROWN...

IT JUST DOESN'T  
MAKE SENSE,  
I...

IT MAKES A LOT OF SENSE, YOU  
IDIOTS! IT'S AS PLAIN AS DAY!...  
BUT YOU ALL REFUSE TO SEE IT!  
THE ADDAMS' ARE HAVING THEIR  
REVENGE!

NOW DON'T START  
THAT AGAIN, DAD!



YOU'RE A FOOL, HAROLD! MAYBE IF  
YOU RECOGNIZED THE TRUTH, YOU  
COULD SAVE YOURSELF... CAUSE  
EITHER **YOU OR ME** IS NEXT ON  
THE VAMPIRE'S LIST!  
I'M GONNA START TO  
PROTECT MYSELF  
RIGHT NOW!

I WON'T  
LISTEN TO  
THIS NONSENSE  
ANY LONGER! WE'RE  
GOING FOR A  
DRIVE!



I JUST CAN'T  
BELIEVE WHAT  
DAD SAYS. IT'S  
RIDICULOUS...  
IT JUST COULDN'T  
BE TRUE!

OF COURSE, IT  
ISN'T TRUE, HAROLD!  
DON'T THINK  
ABOUT IT  
ANYMORE!



**L**ATER THAT NIGHT, KNOWING THAT AMOS CROWN WAS  
NERVOUS AND UPSET, I DECIDED TO PAY HIM A VISIT.  
I KNEW HAROLD WAS IN TOWN ON AN ERRAND AND  
THE OLDER MAN WOULD BE ALONE...

HELLO, MR. CROWN.  
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT  
BE LONELY SO I  
CAME TO CHEER  
YOU UP!

OH... YOU STARTLED ME,  
GIRL! I THOUGHT MAYBE  
YOU WERE AN ADDAMS'  
COME BACK FROM THE  
GRAVE!







MR. CROWN, DO YOU **REALLY** BELIEVE WHAT YOU'VE BEEN TELLING HAROLD ABOUT VAMPIRES... AND THE ADDAMS'?

YOU CAN BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR I DO, CHILD! AFTER YOU LEAVE TONIGHT... I'M **NOT** OPENING THAT DOOR TO ANYONE!

BUT WHEN I SAW THE PAPER THE FOLLOWING MORNING I KNEW THAT **SOMEONE** OR **SOMETHING** HAD REACHED AMOS CROWN...



**K**NOWING THAT NOW HAROLD WAS ALONE AND PROBABLY FRIGHTENED, I WENT OUT TO THE CEMETARY TO SEE HIM...



**GET AWAY FROM ME! ALL OF YOU! I WON'T SEE ANY OF YOU!**

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? HE LOOKS ALMOST INSANE!

HE PRACTICALLY IS, MISS! HE'S BEEN SCREAMING ABOUT "VAMPIRES" AND "THE DEAD COMING TO LIFE" ALL MORNING!



MAYBE I CAN HELP CALM HIM DOWN!

MAYBE, BUT I DOUBT IT, LADY! HE'S AFRAID HE'S NEXT ON THE LIST TO DIE! SAYS HE WON'T TALK TO ANYONE!

**A**FTER THE CROWD HAD LEFT, I KNOCKED ON THE DOOR AND GENTLY ASKED HAROLD IF THERE WAS ANYTHING I COULD DO...

W-WHO IS IT? GO AWAY! **GO AWAY!** I WANT TO BE **ALONE!**

HAROLD, LET ME IN! I'M ALONE! THERE'S NO ONE WITH ME WHO WILL HURT YOU!

**A**FTER A FEW MINUTES OF COAXING, HAROLD ALLOWED ME TO ENTER...

OH, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU... TO KNOW THAT SOMEONE I TRUST IS HERE!

YOU KNOW YOU CAN TRUST ME, HAROLD!

OH, DARLING, I NEED YOU SO NOW! I'VE WANTED TO TELL YOU HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU FOR A LONG TIME... BUT **DEATH** HAS ALWAYS STOOD IN THE WAY!

DON'T BE AFRAID, HAROLD IT'S ALMOST OVER NOW!





YOU KNOW, DARLING, YOU'LL PROBABLY THINK I'VE LOST MY MIND... MAYBE I HAVE... BUT I'M BEGINNING TO THINK DAD WAS RIGHT... RIGHT ABOUT EVERYTHING!

PERHAPS HE WAS, HAROLD! BUT LET'S GO FOR A WALK NOW... YOU NEED SOME AIR! YOU'VE BEEN COUPED UP HERE ALL DAY.

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT... THE CEMETARY WAS AS CALM AND PLACID AS EVER. AS WE WALKED, HAROLD TOLD ME OF HIS THEORIES...

SOMEHOW IT ALL SEEMS TO MAKE SENSE. EVERYONE WHO DIED WAS A MEMBER OF THE BOARD WHICH DECREED THAT THE ADDAMS' SHOULD BE BANNED... AND ALL THE DEATHS TOOK PLACE HERE, IN THE CEMETARY... THE CEMETARY FROM WHICH THE ADDAMS' BODIES WERE REMOVED! I TELL YOU, THEY'RE HAVING THEIR REVENGE!

YES, BUT, HAROLD, YOU'RE...

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY... "I'M STILL ALIVE!"... BUT, DARLING, I DON'T THINK I'LL BE FOR LONG! I FEEL IMPENDING DEATH... AND I'M AFRAID!

SSSH, HAROLD... DO NOT TALK, JUST KISS ME!



HAROLD TOOK ME IN HIS ARMS AND KISSED ME... AND AS HE HELD ME, I KNEW THE END HAD FINALLY COME... I KNEW THE TRUTH!

SEE, HAROLD, HOW EASY IT IS... HOW SIMPLE...

BONG  
BONG  
BONG

I FELT MY TEETH SINK INTO HIS SOFT THROAT...

ELLEN, YOU'RE LEN...

YES!  
I'M LENORE ADDAMS!!

HAROLD IS DEAD NOW, HIS SCREAM ECHOING IN THE QUIET GRAVEYARD... AND I AM ON MY WAY HOME! I AM GLAD THAT THE JOB IS OVER... GLAD THAT THE ADDAMS' HAVE BEEN AVENGED... GLAD THAT AT LAST I CAN GO TO SLEEP...

IT IS OVER... NOW I MAY REST!

OH, YES, HAROLD, YOUR FATHER WAS RIGHT ALL THE TIME... THERE ARE VAMPIRES!

LENORE ADDAMS  
1927-1951

THE END



# GHOST

WITH

# TWO FACES



I...I CAN'T BELIEVE  
(SOB) CHARLIE'S DEAD!  
H...HE SEEMED SO  
ALIVE!

DID WE BURY A  
MAN OR A GHOST?

A MAN OF A THOUSAND  
FACES AND VOICES...  
A DEAD MAN THAT  
REFUSES TO DIE...  
AND A BEAUTIFUL  
TWO-TIMING WOMAN  
COMBINE TOGETHER  
TO BRING YOU THIS  
TALE OF TERROR  
AND FEAR. COME  
WITH US TO THE  
EMBASSY THEATRE  
WHERE OUR STORY  
OF REVENGEFUL  
DEATH BEGINS...  
**THE TERROR OF  
THE GHOST WITH  
TWO FACES!**

CHARLES HUSTON  
BORN AUG 5TH 1919  
DIED NOV. 9TH 1947

**HELP! HELP!  
I'M NOT DEAD!  
GET ME OUT  
OF HERE!**

I'M MARCO VANCE... AND THAT AUDIENCE YOU SEE BELOW WAS GATHERED TO PAY ME HOMAGE AS THE GREATEST IMPERSONATOR ALIVE...

THANK YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! AND NOW I'LL CHANGE MY COSTUME AND RETURN TO YOU AS AN IMITATOR OF BOGO, THE CLOWN.

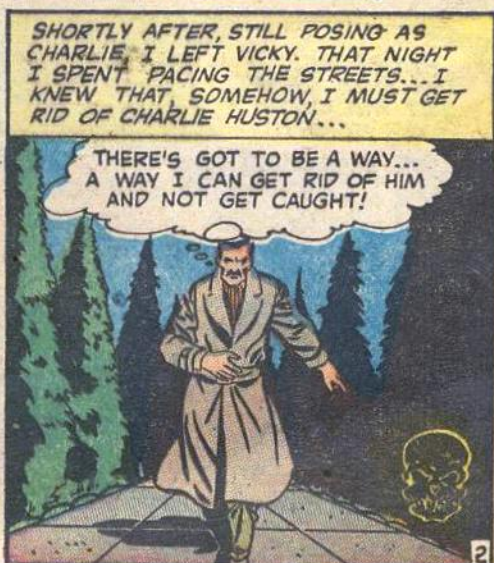
BRAVO! HE'S  
WONDERFUL!  
MORE! MORE!

AS I RUSHED BACKSTAGE TO SWITCH COSTUMES, I PASSED THE OFFICE OF MY BUSINESS MANAGER, CHARLIE HUSTON...

OH, CHARLIE, I'M FRIGHTENED!  
WHAT IF HE SHOULD FIND OUT  
ABOUT US?

DON'T WORRY,  
BABY! I'VE GOT EVERY-  
THING UNDER CONTROL!







BY THE TIME DAWN BROKE OVER THE CITY, I'D HIT UPON A PLAN... A PLAN CALCULATED TO DRIVE CHARLIE TO SUICIDE... IT BEGAN THE NEXT MORNING.

HERE YOU ARE, MISTER! I PRINTED IT JUST LIKE YOU SAID... BUT IT SURE SEEMS LIKE A STRANGE KIND OF A JOKE TO ME!

OH, I'M SURE MY FRIEND WILL GET A BIG LAUGH OUT OF IT!

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING DONE



I TOOK A SEAT NEXT TO HIM...

THAT'S RIGHT, STUPID... GET A GOOD LOOK AT IT!

WHAT THE...



CHARLIE GOT A GOOD LOOK ALL RIGHT... HIS FACE TURNED PALE, AND HE APPEARED PUZZLED AND SHOCKED.

E...EXCUSE ME, I WANT TO GET OFF!



I DRESSED LIKE AN OLD MAN AND WAITED UNTIL I SAW CHARLIE LEAVE HIS HOTEL AND BOARD A BUS...

AND NOW, MY FINE BUSINESS MANAGER, WE'LL LET YOU IN FOR THE FIRST OF MANY SHOCKS!

ONE, PLEASE.



THE NEXT DEED WAS SIMPLE... I RUSHED BACK TO MY APARTMENT AND WAITED... I HAD SENT VICKY AWAY...

IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE RIGHT, CHARLIE, YOU SHOULD CALL VICKY NOW... BUT VICKY ISN'T HERE! ONLY I AM, CHARLIE, I AM!



AS I'D EXPECTED, CHARLIE CALLED FIVE MINUTES LATER AND I IMITATED VICKY'S VOICE...

VICKY! THANK THE LORD YOU'RE HOME! IT'S ME... CHARLIE! THE DARDEST THING JUST HAP...

CHARLIE? BUT (SOB) IT...IT CAN'T BE CHARLIE! CHARLIE'S (SOB) DEAD!



I WAS SURE, CHARLIE WOULD COME UP TO MY APARTMENT AND SO SOME MINUTES LATER, A BLOCK FROM THE BUILDING, I IMITATED THE STONE CUTTER...

RIGHT ON SCHEDULE, CHARLIE! LUCKY FOR ME I WAS ABLE TO FIGURE OUT HOW YOUR PETTY BRAIN WORKS!





A TOMBSTONE... WITH **MY NAME** ON IT! E...EXCUSE ME, MISTER, B-BUT WHO TOLD YOU TO CUT THAT STONE?

AH, FELLER?  
OH, THIS STONE WAS ORDERED EARLY THIS MORNING. LADY SAID THAT THIS HERE HUSTON FELLER KILLED HIMSELF!



I COULD SEE CHARLIE WAS NEAR THE BREAKING POINT... THAT HE WAS BEGINNING TO BELIEVE HE WAS DEAD... I WENT TO THE THEATRE AND AWAITED RESULTS...



THE REST SHOULD BE EASY... WHEN CHARLIE COMES IN, I'LL PRETEND I CAN'T SEE OR HEAR HIM!



MARCO! OH THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE HERE! MARCO, LOOK AT ME! TELL ME YOU CAN SEE ME... HEAR ME! TELL ME I'M ALIVE! IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT TELL ME...



MARCO! MARCO! YOU'VE GOT TO SEE ME! IT'S ME... IT'S CHARLIE... I'M NOT DEAD! I'M HERE... HERE IN THIS ROOM!



I HAD FORGOTTEN TO HIDE THE STONE CUTTERS CLOTHES.

PLEASE, YOU'VE GOT TO... BUT THESE OVERALLS... THAT **HAT!** MARCO, YOU WERE THE STONECUTTER! YOU TOLD ME I'D COMMITTED SUICIDE!... **YOU... YOU IMITATED HIM!!**

YES, YOU SNIVELING LITTLE IDIOT! I TOLD YOU! IT WAS ME ON THE BUS... AND ON THE PHONE, TOO!



B... BUT WHY? I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS **MARCO**

BECAUSE I WANTED YOU DEAD... NOBODY CAN CHEAT ON ME... AND LIVE! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO KILL YOURSELF, CHARLIE



AS CHARLIE CHASED ME, I TRIPPED HIM. HE FELL ON THE SCISSORS.

**NO! NO! UGHHHHHH!!**





THE DEATH OF CHARLIE CREATED A PROBLEM! I WOULD BE SUSPECTED! I HAD NO INTENTIONS OF GOING TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR. I SMUGGLED HIS BODY FROM THE THEATRE AND DISPOSED OF IT WITH LITTLE TROUBLE...

SO LONG, CHARLIE! I HOPE YOU ROT AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS RIVER!



BY THE TIME I REACHED HOME, I'D DECIDED ON A DEFINITE COURSE OF ACTION! I BEGAN BY SAYING TO VICKY...

DARLING, I RECEIVED A VERY ATTRACTIVE OFFER TO DO A FEW MONTHS OF SHOWS OUT ON THE COAST. I'LL BE LEAVING TONIGHT... I'LL WRITE YOU AND LET YOU KNOW WHEN TO JOIN ME.

IT SOUNDS WONDERFUL, DEAR! I'LL HAVE CHARLIE TRY TO KEEP ME FROM GETTING TOO LONESOME!



I LEFT MY APARTMENT THAT NIGHT, DISGUISED AS CHARLIE, AND USING THE KEY I'D TAKEN FROM HIS POCKET, ENTERED CHARLIE'S HOTEL ROOM TO GET THE MONEY HE WAS HOLDING THERE FOR ME...

NO ONE SEEMED TO RECOGNIZE ME! WELL, CHARLIE, YOU SEEMED TO LIVE VERY NICELY... ON MY MONEY! NOW I'LL ENJOY IT FOR AWHILE!



THE PLAN WAS A SIMPLE ONE... SIMPLE FOR ME, MARCO VANCE, THE WORLD'S GREATEST IMPERSONATOR... I WOULD BECOME CHARLIE HUSTON FOR A WHILE, SO NO ONE WOULD MISS HIM.

YOU DID IT AGAIN, MARCO!... CHARLIE HUSTON'S OWN MOTHER WOULD SWEAR YOU WERE HER SON!



EVERYTHING WAS GOING FINE. EVEN CHARLIE'S CLOTHES FIT ME. I PASSED MY FIRST TEST AT THE HOTEL WITH FLYING COLORS...

WELL, HERE GOES!

ANY CALLS FOR ME WHILE I WAS OUT, CLERK?

NO, NOT A ONE, MR. HUSTON.



I HAD DINNER WITH VICKY THAT NIGHT...

...AND THEN HE SAID HE'D WRITE ME! OH, CHARLIE, ISN'T IT MARVELOUS? WE'LL BE TOGETHER WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT WHEN MARCO WILL WALK IN!

YES, VICKY,

IT IS MARVELOUS... WITH MARCO OUT OF THE WAY!




NO ONE THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT THAT I WASN'T CHARLIE! IN FACT, I ALMOST FORGOT THAT I WASN'T MYSELF...

HOW WONDERFUL VICKY IS... AND HOW MUCH SHE LOVES ME! IF IT WEREN'T FOR MARCO, I'D... GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? I ALMOST FORGOT I AM MARCO!







MORE  
AND MORE,  
THAT NIGHT  
I FELT LIKE  
CHARLIE  
HUSTON...I  
BECAME  
CHARLIE  
HUSTON,  
UNTIL...  
I COULDN'T  
CAST OFF  
MY  
IMPERSON-  
ATION OF  
CHARLIE..

I...I'VE GOT TO  
GET HOLD OF MY-  
SELF! I MUST  
REMEMBER I'M  
**MARCO VANCE!**  
THIS WHOLE THING  
IS JUST AN ACT...  
A PART IN A PLAY!



OH, BUT YOU'RE WRONG  
MARCO... YOU ARE ME!  
I WON'T ALLOW YOU  
TO RETURN TO YOUR  
FORMER SELF!

**CHARLIE! NO!  
YOU CAN'T BE!  
CHARLIE'S DEAD!**  
YOU'RE HIS DEAD  
GHOST!



YOU'RE WRONG, MARCO!  
MY BODY'S DEAD... BUT  
MY SPIRIT'S ALIVE!  
YOU'VE KEPT IT ALIVE BY  
BEING ME! ...AND NOW  
I WON'T LET YOU GO  
UNTIL I'VE  
HAD MY  
REVENGE!

Y-YOUR  
REVENGE?  
WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN?



YOU'LL SEE, MARCO, YOU'LL SEE!  
YOU IMPERSONATED  
ME TO WELL!

I...I MUST BE  
GOING MAD!  
THIS CAN'T BE  
HAPPENING!



MY BRAIN SPUN  
LIKE A TOP  
AFTER THE  
"THING'S" DE-  
PARTURE... MY  
THOUGHTS WERE  
UTTERLY CONFUSED  
AND UPSET...  
ONLY ONE THING  
SEEMED CLEAR...

EVEN THOUGH IT'S EARLIER  
THAN I'D PLANNED... I'VE GOT  
TO RESUME MY OWN IDENTITY!  
I'VE GOT TO BECOME MARCO  
VANCE AGAIN!



THERE! IT'S ALL OFF! THE BIGGEST STEP  
IS DONE... I'LL LOOK LIKE MYSELF NOW!



BUT WHEN I  
PEERED INTO  
THE MIRROR...

**NO! NO! NO! I... STILL  
LOOK LIKE CHARLIE!**





I TRIED IN VAIN FOR AN HOUR TO REMOVE CHARLIE HUSTON'S FEATURES FROM MY FACE... AND THEN SOMETHING FAR WORSE TOOK PLACE... I BECAME PARALYZED COMPLETELY—NOW I LOOKED LIKE CHARLIE DID IN DEATH!



G...GOOD LORD! I...I CAN'T MOVE! I...I CAN'T EVEN SPEAK! I...IT'S AS THOUGH I WERE DEAD!



UNBEKNOWN TO ME, AT THAT MOMENT, VICKY FOUND THE NEWSPAPER I'D HAD PRINTED — THE NEWSPAPER SAYING THAT CHARLIE WAS DEAD!

OH, NO! NOT CHARLIE! NO! NO!



AND THEN HER PHONE RANG!

MRS. VANCE? SERGEANT HOLMES SPEAKING. WE HAVE THE BODY OF CHARLES HUSTON IN HIS HOTEL ROOM. WE FOUND YOUR HUSBAND'S NAME AND WE THOUGHT HE'D LIKE TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FUNERAL!

M...MY HUSBAND'S OUT OF TOWN... (SOB) I'LL MAKE THE ARRANGEMENTS!



YES, THE POLICE HAD COME ACROSS MY BODY... AND TO ALL OUTWARD APPEARANCES I WAS DEAD! VICKY ARRANGED TO HAVE THE FUNERAL THE NEXT DAY—

G...GOOD-BYE, CHARLIE!



WHEN THE COFFIN WAS DEEP INTO ITS HOLE... AND ALL CHANCE OF ESCAPE GONE, I SUDDENLY REGAINED MY OLD SELF—ONCE AGAIN I WAS MARCO VANCE —BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!

YES, MARCO, STRUGGLE! BEAT YOUR FISTS AGAINST THE COFFIN...BUT IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! AS MARCO VANCE...YOU ARE ALIVE FOR THE MOMENT... BUT AS FOR ME, CHARLIE HUSTON, YOU DIE!

HELP! HELP! LET ME OUT! I'M NOT DEAD! I'M ALIVE! I'M MARCO VANCE!



AS I BEAT MY FIST AGAINST THE COFFIN AND CRIED OUT VAINLY, I CAN HEAR CHARLIE LAUGH... AND I KNOW HE'S WON HIS REVENGE!

HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!

HELP! LET ME OUT!...I...I CAN'T BREATHE...I...



THE END



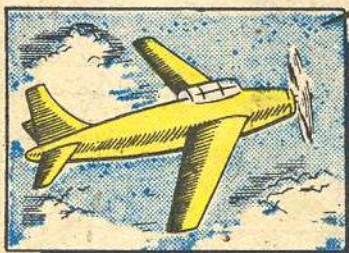
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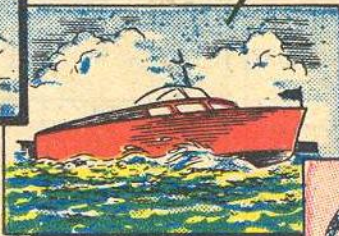


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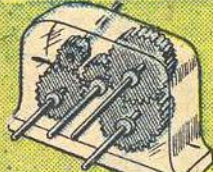
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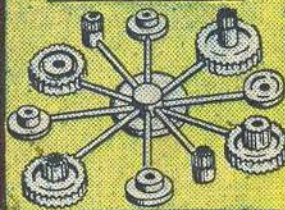
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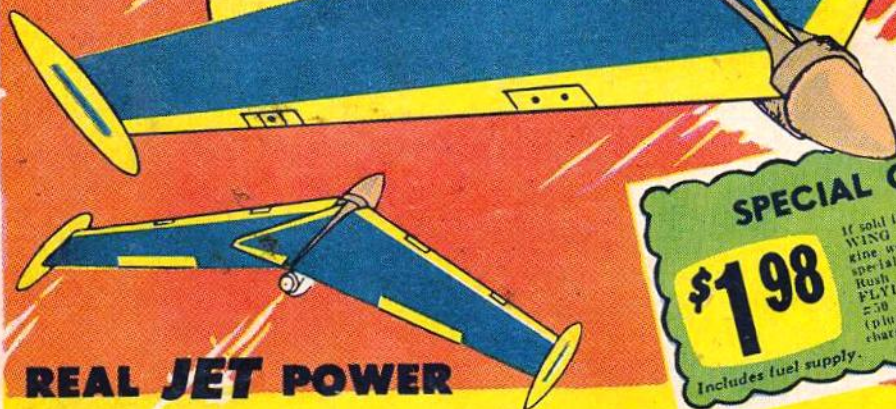
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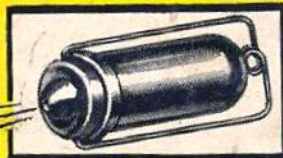
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